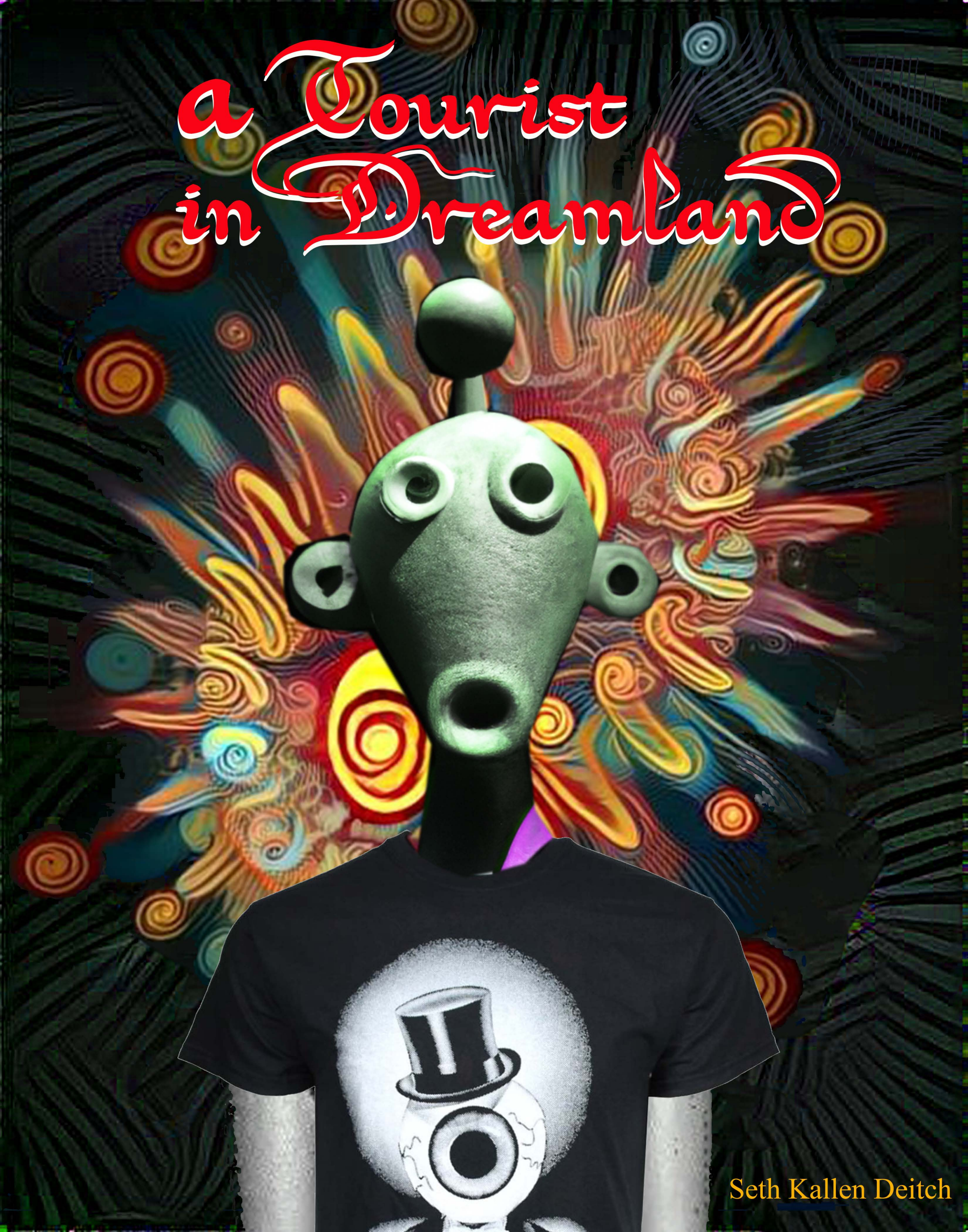
a Tourist in Dreamland



Seth Kallen Deitch

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Wrong Turn!

It was late and I admit I had a few drinks in me, so I got it into my head that I should try a shorter way home.

I could immediately see that I had wandered into an unfamiliar neighborhod.

I was seeing these odball statues everywhere. I don't know if they were supposed to be gods or robots or muppets or whatever, they were not a style of art I had ever seen before. They were strange, and maybe if I had been sober, I would have found them more disturbing and simply turned around and walked home my usual way.

Yes, things were getting weird, but hey, I ***like*** weird. Weird is fine with me most of the time, as long as it's harmless. Maybe I'm not such a great judge of harmless when I have been doing shots all night. Just saying, ya'know?

Anyways, I was feling pretty indestructable.

I dunno what the statues were all about, but they were friggin' ***everywhere***! It was just plain odd is what it was! I dunno if it had something to do with Mardi Gras or some shit like that or what, but it was starting to creep me out more than a little bit!

I was starting to sweat just a little bit

I want to be real clear on one thing, I am ***not*** one of those guys who jumps at his own shadow or that pisses his pants over every little thing. That's not me, no sir! That being said something funny was going on and I wasn't laughing. Where the heck was I? This was not the town I had lived in all my life. This was something downright uncouth and alarming that a regular guy like me wasn't up for even in the daytime.

The graveyard was absolutelly ***full*** of the fuckers!

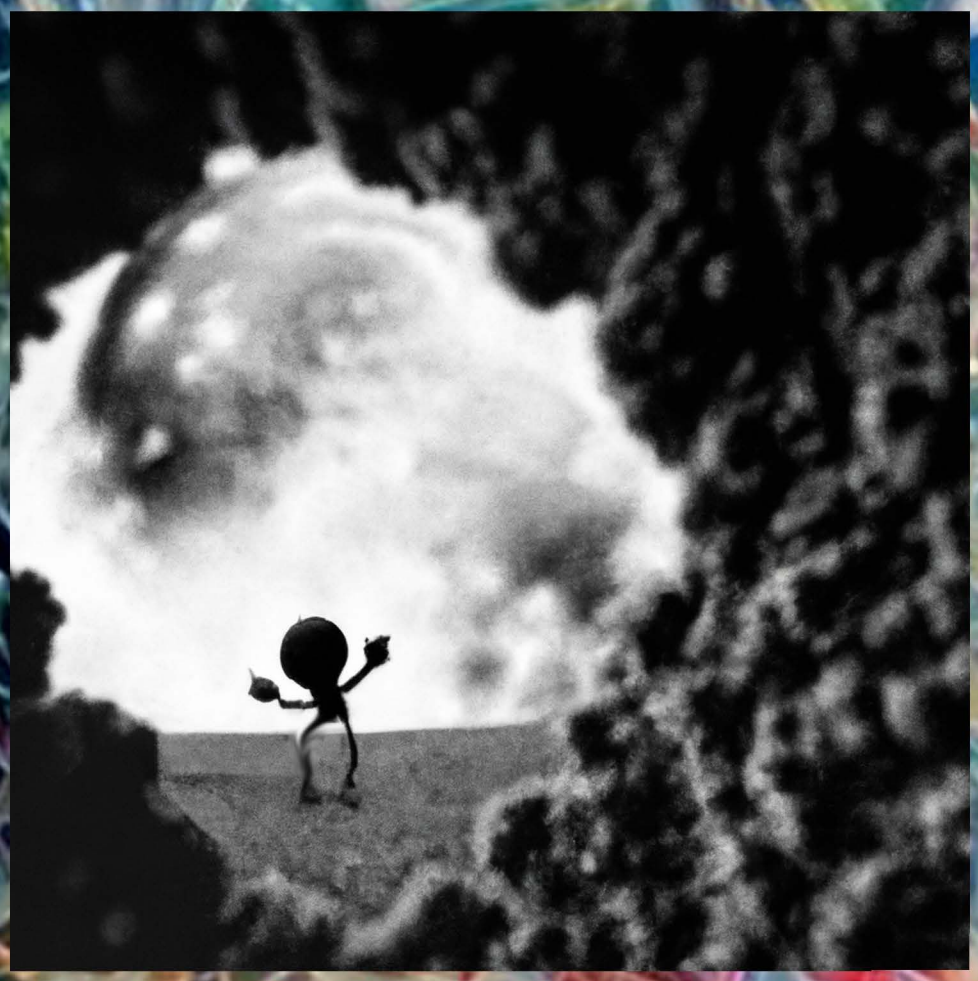
Beyond the cemetery was an overgrown and neglected area with even more of the statues, obviously ancient and forgotten. Whatever has been goingon with them has been going on for a long time.

Sometimes it's a question of if you have had too much to drink, or not enough. I made my way back to the bar.

Things seem much clearer now.

IN DREAMS I WALK

I TEND TO HAVE WACKY DREAMS. I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THIS WAY. THIS ONE NIGHT I HAD OVER INDULGED IN HOT WINGS.



I WAS IN A STRANGE LANDSCAPE, PERHAPS IT WASN'T EVEN THIS WORLD. I WAS LIKE A CARTOON CHARACTER WITH PIPE-CLEANER ARMS AND LEGS. THINGS FLOATED IN THE SKY.

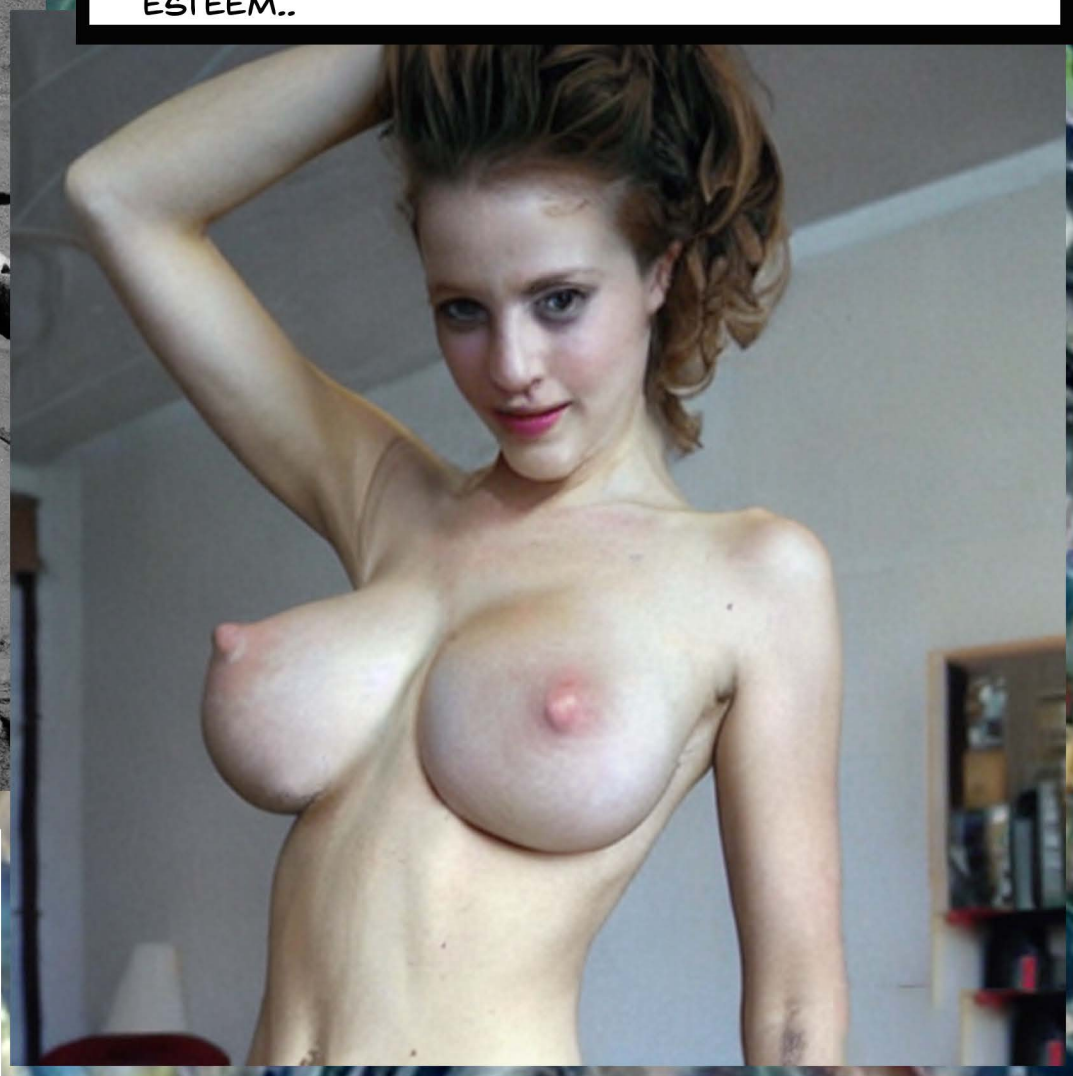
THE ROCKS AND PLANTS WERE WEIRD. THE DIRT WAS EVEN WEIRD. IN SPITE OF THE STRANGE SURROUNDINGS, I WAS FOOLISHLY HAPPY. GO FIGURE

I WAS CONFRONTED BY A STRANGE BEING, A SPIRIT OF SOME SORT. IT WARNED ME OF THE KALMACKS. OF COURSE I HAD NO IDEA WHAT KALMACKS WERE SUPOSED TO BE.

I SAW BEINGS WALKING IN THE SKY. WERE THESE KALMACKS? I HAD NO FRIGGIN' IDEA. THEY HAD GUNS THAT THEY WERE SHOOTING AT THE CLOUDS

LITTLE OBJECTS, SMALL FLYING MACHINES CAME OUT OF THE CLOUDS. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF THEM. WERE THAT WHAT THE FLOATING BEINGS HAD SHOT INTO THE SKY?

BRIEFLY I WAS IN TWILIGHT SLEEP AND I HAD A VISION OF SHARON, A CHICK I HAD HOOKED UP WITH THE PREVIOUS SATURDAY NIGHT. SHE WASN'T THE KIND OF GIRL I WOULD TAKE HOME TO MOM, BUT SHE HAD A COUPLE OF QUALITIES I HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM..



TWO GUYS IN METAL SUITS WERE RUNNING AROUND TRYING TO CATCH THE FLYING THINGS. THEY WERE YELLING GIBBERISH AT EACH OTHER. THEY WERE APPARENTLY TRYING TO CATCH THE LITTLE MACHINES INTACT.

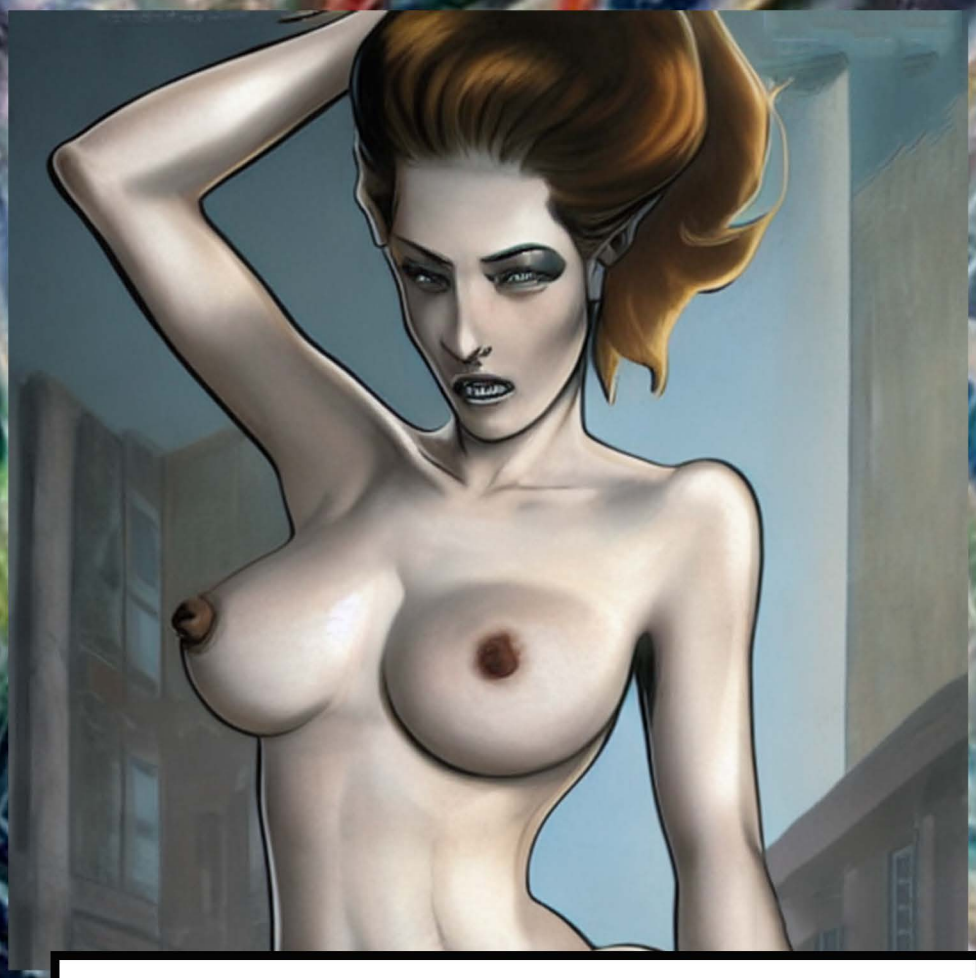
I WAS BACK IN THE DREAM. NOW THERE WERE A LOT OF THE GUYS CHASING THE LITTLE MACHINES.

THE WHOLE OPERATION WAS OVERSEEN BY A ROBOT WHO MOVED TO A HIGH SPOT AND THEN ONLY OBSERVED.

SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO WERE HUNTING THE FLYING MACHINES WERE USING THESE STICKS THAT HAD LIVING HANDS ON THE END TO CATCH THEM IN THE AIR. THE DEVICES DIDN'T MAKE MUCH OF AN EFORT TO ESCAPE. THEY DID EMIT A FAINT SIGHING NOISE WHEN THEY WERE CAPTURED

THE ONES THAT CAME TO REST ON THE GROUND SPROUTED VARIOUS STRUCTURES. SOME WRE LIKE TOWERS, SOME WHERE LIKE MOUNDS, OTHERS WERE LIKE SPHERES OR ABSTRACT SCULPTURES.

THE CREATURES IN THE SKY HAD DISAPEARED.



AGAIN I CAME CLOSE TO WAKING AND AGAIN I SAW AN IMAGE OF SHARON, ALTHOUGH SHE WAS NOT QUITE AS I HAD REMEMBERED HER. AN ALMOST CARTOONISH VERSION OF HER. SHE SEEMED A BIT SCARY NOW. THE VISION FADES AS THE DREAM RETURNS.

THE LITTLE FLYING MACHINES WERE "SEEDS" OF SOME SORT. ALL KINDS OF STRUCTURES ARE SPROUTING FROM THEM. THE MEN IN THE SUITS ARE RUNNING OFF SOMEWHERE WITH THE ONES THEY CAUGHT BEFORE THEY TOUCHED THE GROUND.

SUDDENLY, I AM SIEZED BY A FLYING MACHINE AND CARIED ALOFT! I AM RAPIDLY BROUGHT TO A HIGH ALTITUDE SO I CEASE STRUGGLING AND MERELY PRAY THAT IT DOESN'T DROP ME! I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT IS GOING ON OR WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT.

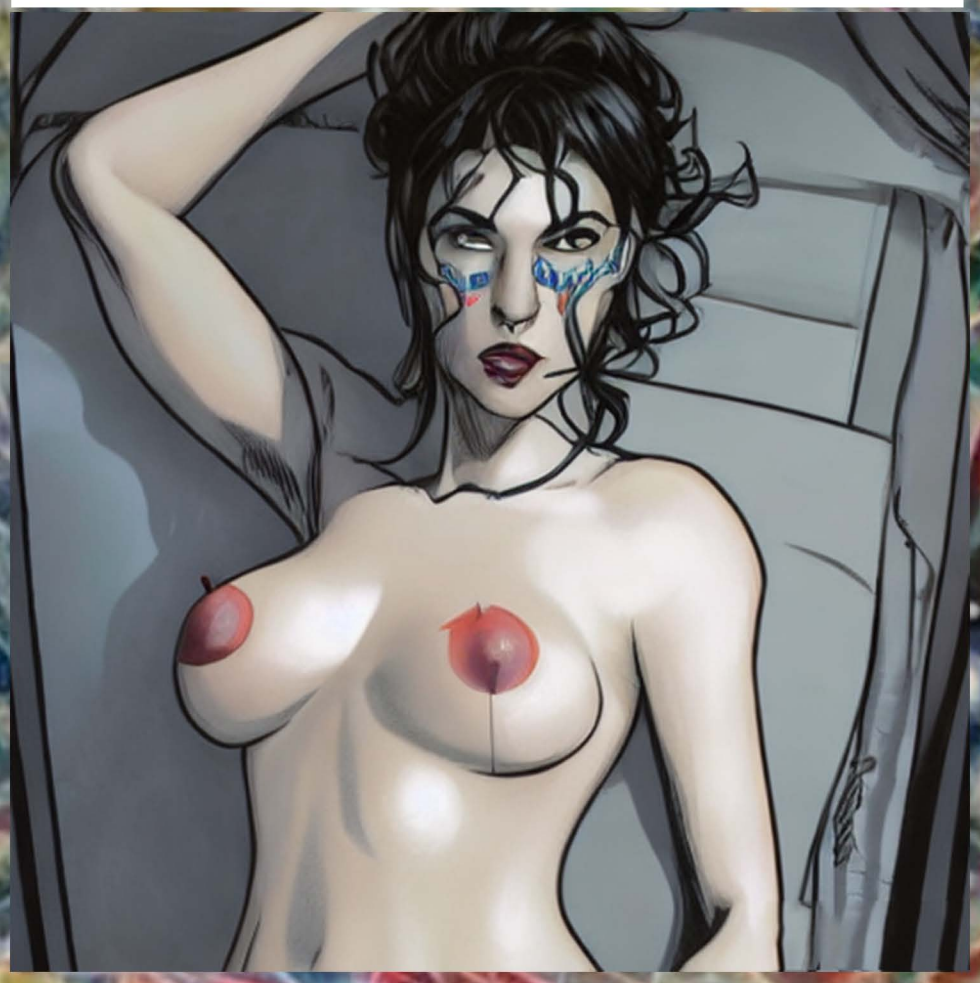
IT SEEMS LIKE THERE IS A WHOLE CITY GROWING AROUND ME! OT ONLY STRETS AND BUILDINGS, BUT PEOPLE AS WEL COMING OUT OF NOWHERE, BUT BEHAVING LIKE THEY HAD ALWAYS BEEN THERE!

This is page four

THE AIR VEHICLE CRUISED HIGH ABOVE THE LAND. WERE I NOT UTTERLY TERRIFIED, I MIGHT HAVE FOUND IT A PLEASANT VIEW, BUT I WAS IN FACT CLOSE SOILING MYSELF IN FEAR. AFTER A PERIOD OF TIME THAT SEEMED UNNECESSARILY LONG, A GUY FINALLY BROUGHT ME INSIDE THE AIRCRAFT. I DEMANDED TO KNOW WHAT THE HELL WAS GOING ON, HE SAID THE CAPTAIN WANTED TO SEE ME. HE TOOK MY ARM AND LED ME DOWN A CORRIDOR.

I SUPPOSE THAT IT SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN A SURPRISE THAT THE CAPTAIN WAS A VERSION OF SHARON! SHE INDIGNANTLY ASKED WHAT I WAS DOING THERE. I WAS TAKEN ABACK. "YOU SNATCHED ME OFF THE GROUND WHERE I WAS MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS!"

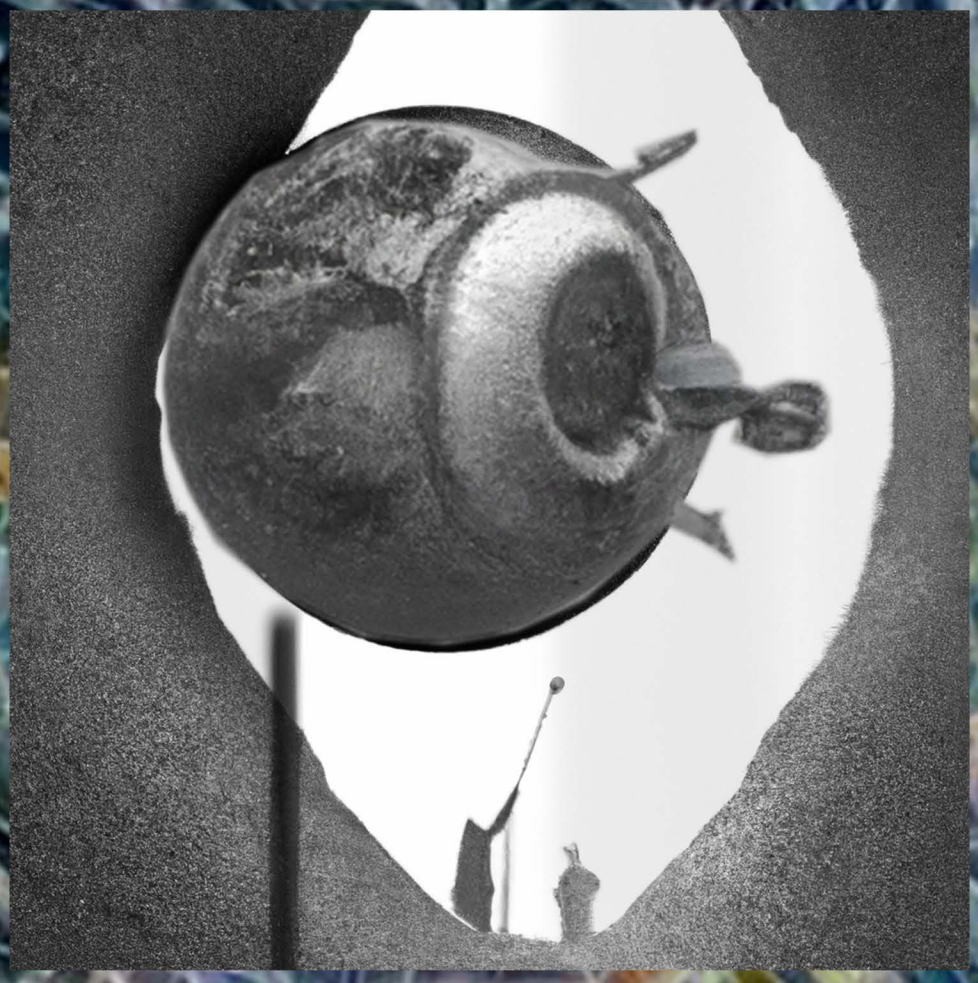
SHE CAST A QUESTIONING EYE AT THE MAN WHO BROUGHT ME. "HE WAS IN THE WAY", HE SAID.



THROUGH A PORT HOLE I SAW THAT THE CITY CONTINUED TO GROW.

I ALSO SAW STRANGE FLYING ANIMALS IN THE SKY

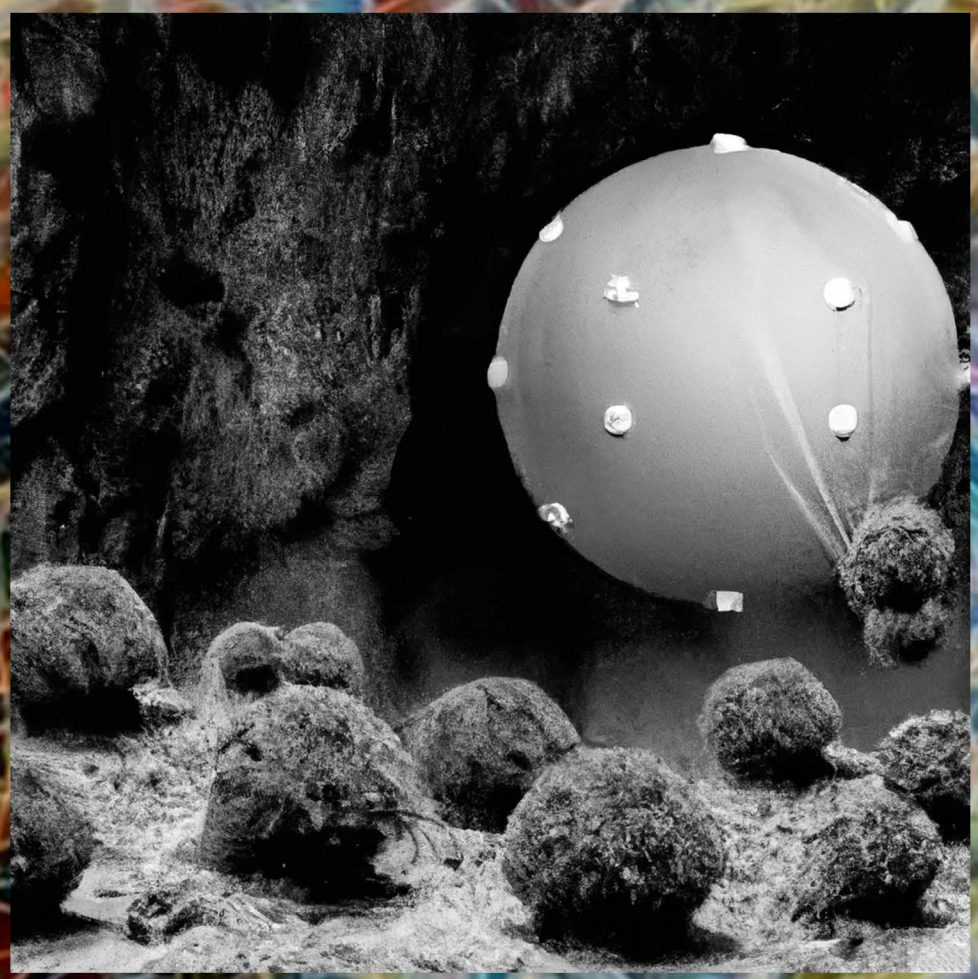
THE AIRSHIP ENTERED AN OPENING IN A MOUNTAIN.



IT TRAVELED THROUGH A LENGTHY TUNNEL AND FINALLY CAME OUT INTO WHAT LOOKED LIKE AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT WORLD.

IT WAS A PLACE OF MANY STRANGE SIGHTS. PECULIAR LAND FORMS, PLANTS AND ANIMALS. I HAD MANY QUESTIONS, BUT NO ONE ONBOARD THE SHIP HAD THE TIME OR INCLINATION TO ANSWER THEM. I HAD ONLY TO MARVEL AT THE MYSTERIES BEFORE ME.

THE LANDSCAPE WAS LIKE AN OCEAN FLOOR BUT WE WERE CLEARLY IN THE AIR.

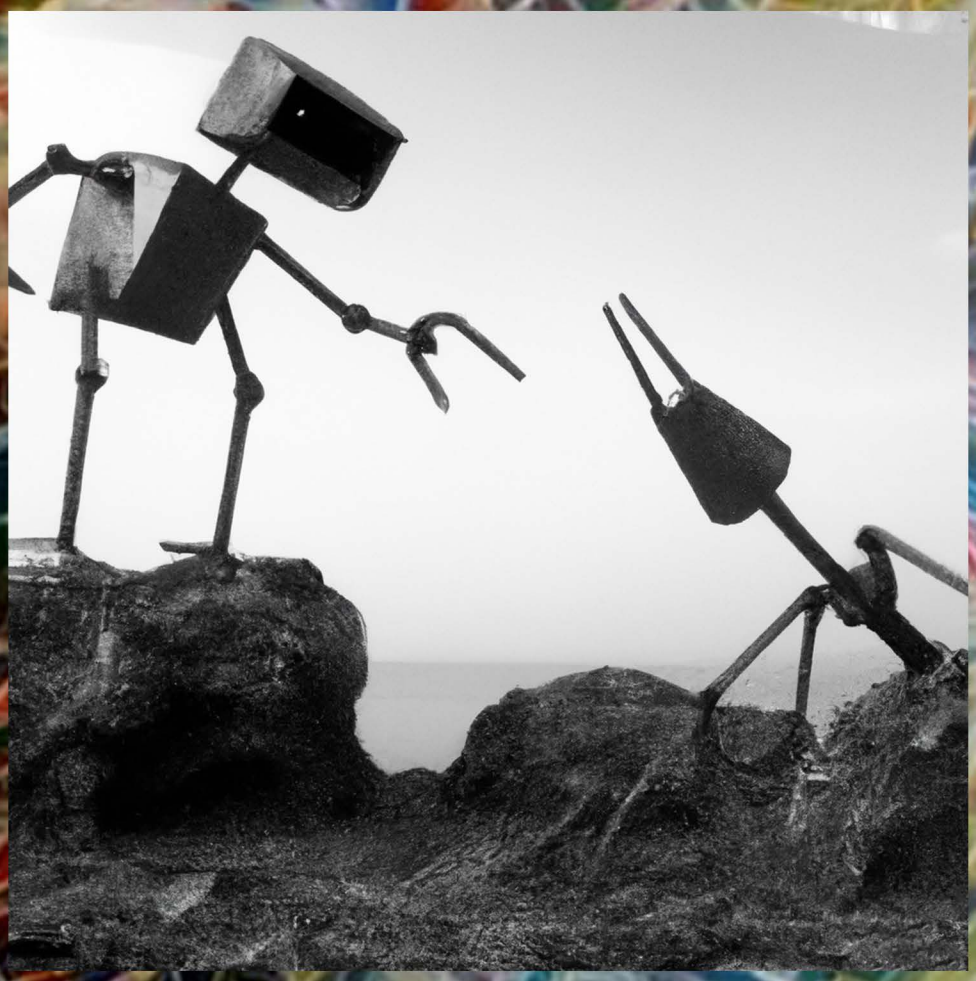


SOME OF THE CREW WENT OUTSIDE. THEY HADTO WEAR SPECIAL SUITS BECAUSE THE AIR OUTSIDE WASN'T BREATHABLE BY HUMANS. THIS WAS A STRANGE PLACE AND WHATEVER THESHIP'S MISSION WAS THOROUGHLY OBSCURE TO ME. WERE THE PEOPLE ON THE SHIP KALMACKS?

I SOUGHT OUT CAPTAIN SHARON FOR ANSWERS BUT SHE SEEMED TIRED AND OUT OF SORTS AND DISINCLINED TO ANSWER A BUNCH OF QUESTIONS FROM A STOW AWAY. SHE HAD CONTINUED TO CHANGE IN FORM AND NOT FOR THE BETTER.

NIGHT CAME TO THIS STRANGE LAND AS THE SPACE SUITED CREWMEN CONTINUED THEIR WORK ON THE GROUND

I SAW THAT ON THE GROUND THERE WAS MACHINE LIFE! ANIMALS AND WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EVEN PEOPLE IN MACHINE FORM! WHAT MAD WORLD COULD SPAWN SUCH A THING?! CERTAINLY NONE THAT I HAD EVER DREAMED OF!



THERE WERE INHABITANTS OF LAND, SEA AND AIR, ALL MECHANISMS OF METAL! I NOTICED THE WATER ITSELF APPEARED TO BE LIQUID METAL. THE PLANTS WERE ALSO MECHANISMS.

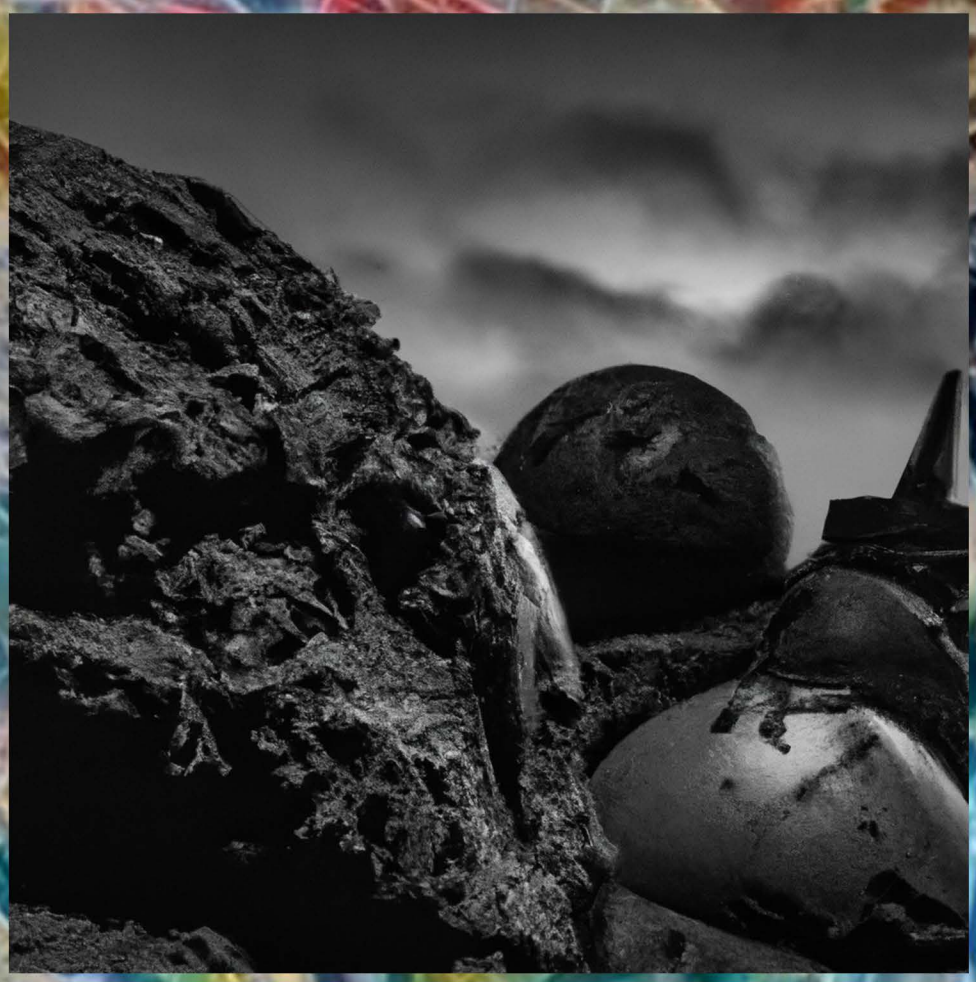
IT WAS PROFOUNDLY WEIRD AND DISTURBING!

THE CREWMEN WERE INSTALLING EQUIPMENT ON THE SURFACE FOR A PURPOSE THAT THEY CHOSE NOT TO INFORM ME OF.

AS WELL IT APPEARED THAT THIS WAS BUT ONE WORLD THAT THEY HAD SET THEIR AMBITIONS UPON!

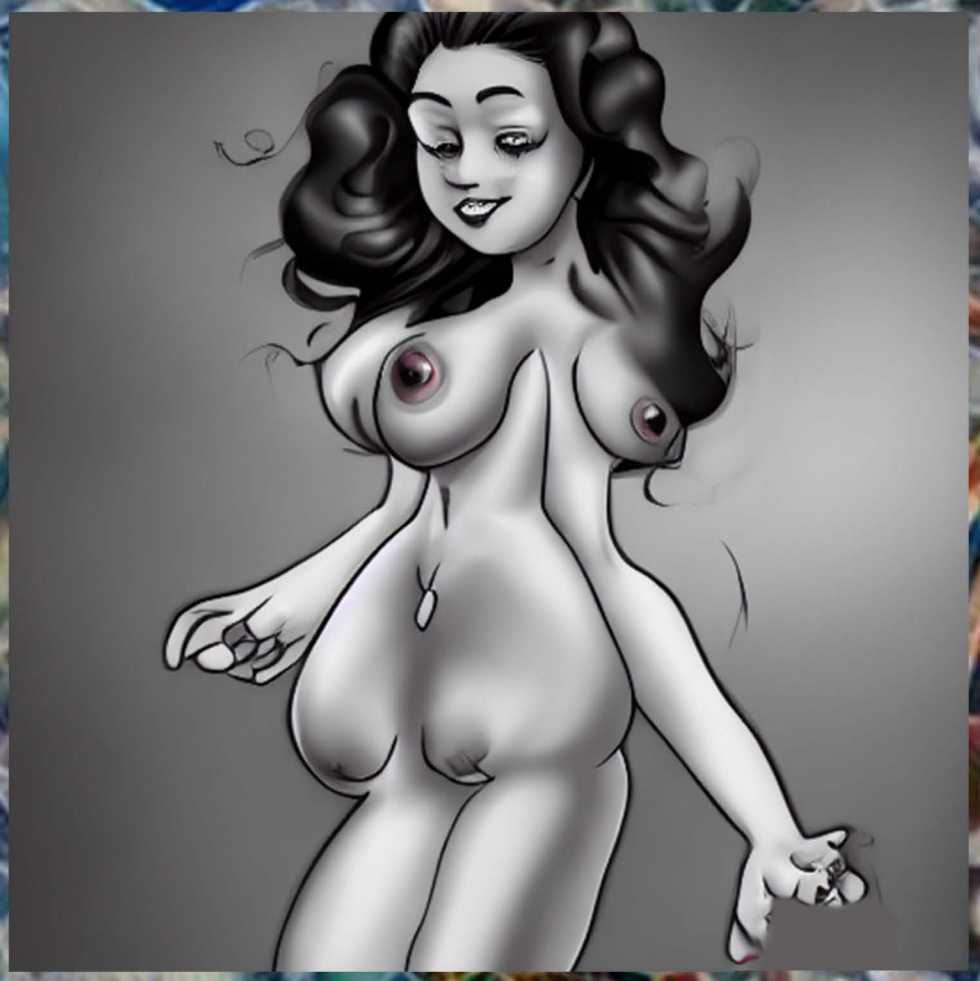
I HAPENED TO SEE THAT IT ALLOWED CERTAIN OBJECTS TO BE LEVITATED. METAL OBJECTS. DID THEY INTEND TO MINE THIS WORLD NOT ONLY OF ITS MINERALS, BUT OF ITS LIFE AS WELL?

I SURMISED THAT THIS WAS THE CASE AS THEIR WORK PROGRESED. IT WAS CLEAR THAT THEIR INTENT WAS TO SIMPLY STRIP THIS WORLD BARE.



SEVERAL HUGE FACTORIES WERE BUILT ON THE SURFACE.

THE INSTRUMENTS SCANED THE SKY FOR NEW WORLDS TO RAPE.



ONCE MORE I WENT TO APPEAL TO CAPTAIN SHARON TO CEASE THIS DESTRUCTIVE INSANITY, BUT SHE HAD CHANGED BEYOND HUMANITY. IT WASN'T EVEN THAT SHE WAS UNSYMPATHETIC. SHE WAS BEYOND BEING ABLE TO COMUNICATE WITH HUMANS!

I SAW ON THE SURFACE GREAT MONUMENTS ERECTED BY THE SENTIENT INHABITANTS OF THIS WORLD. WHAT THEY REPRESENTED, WHAT GODS OR GREAT PERSONS OF THEIR RACE THEY HONORED I WOULD NEVER KNOW

I HAD NO CHOICE IN WHAT I DID TO THE SHIP

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Things become different when they are on The Record

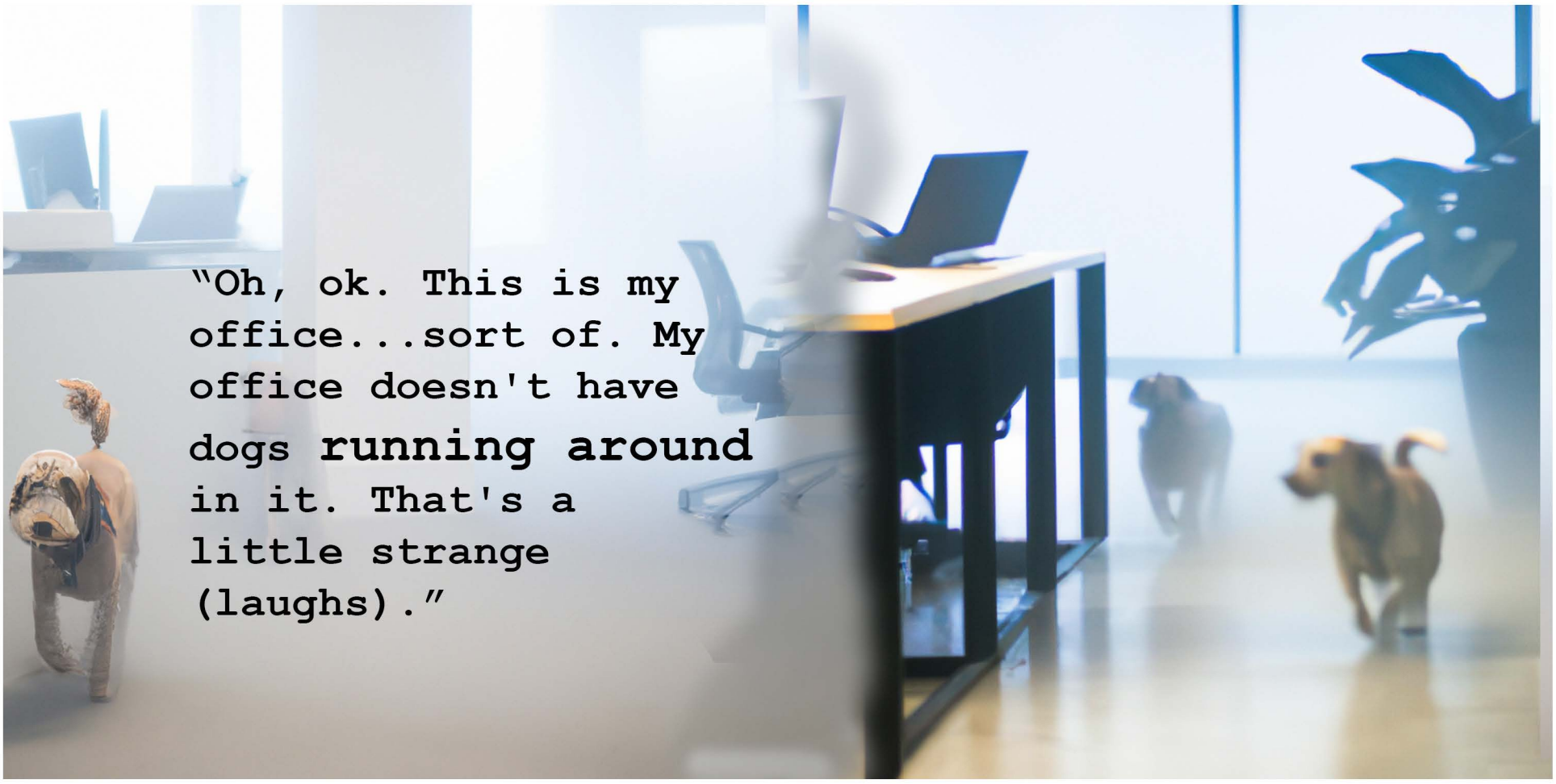
Dream #0032 audio commentary track transcript

It was found to be relevant to Mr. Zimmerman's therapy to record his dreams and have him view and comment on the records. By his own account he rarely remembers his dreams, even those he has woken from in some distress so allowing him to see their content has been of great interest to him. This is one that he recorded a commentary for.

-J. Gordon

H. Zimmerman: I think I'm finally used to wearing that helmet while I sleep, Doc. At first it hurt my neck, but not so much anymore. Did we get something good? Oh here it comes now.

It's always interesting to see how they begin. I don't generally remember dreams all that well anyway, but nobody really remembers how they start. Sometime it's a clearing mist, sometimes a rush of images that settles on one; sometimes I'm just *there* all of a sudden.



See the Nude brunette over by the copy machine? That's Angela. She works in Operations. I've never talked to her. She always is naked in my dreams.

J. Gordon: Her breasts are amazing, almost surreal detail, particularly when compared to her face.

H. Zimmerman:
Is that bad?

J. Gordon:
Just an observation.

H. Zimmerman: So I thought she was hot and I started to look up stuff about her on the Internet and came across some nude pictures that were posted by a guy she used to be engaged to. According to him, she's a real bitch, but I think he was just pissed because she broke up with him. I was thinking about talking to her about it, tell her that I thought he was a jerk for doing that, but you thought that was a really bad idea.

J. Gordon: It would likely just make her feel uncomfortable. She might even accuse you of sexual harassment.

H. Zimmerman: Anyway, she is always naked in my dreams since I saw those pictures. Lookit those tits, will ya! Damn!

J. Gordon: Is she someone you would like to be with?

H. Zimmerman: She's kind of hot. I know what she looks like naked, but the fact is I don't really know her. For all I know her ex is right about her.

Listen to the voices in the chatter around the office. They aren't really saying anything! It's just "gobble, gobble, gobble"! (laughs) You notice how there isn't any far wall in the back there...it just kind of dissolves into a gray mist. About half of the people are in black and white and have the same face. Ever since I started watching these things I have been amazed at how crappy they look. So shoddily put together. The less attention I'm paying to something, the more it is just a vague suggestion or just fades out altogether.

That cubicle over there has a jungle in it, huh. I go in and now it's all jungle. Look how vague all those plants are! I have no idea what's in a real jungle and you can really tell. It's like a movie set or something.

Hear that? Someone is whimpering. Oh Shit! It's Danny!

Note: Danny was the patient's half brother from his father's previous marriage. He was twenty years the patient's senior. He was killed as a prisoner during the war in Vietnam when the patient was only eight years old. -J.G.

Oh God, look at that! He's all cut up! Those Viet Cong are torturing him. Look how they are like ugly cartoonish monsters! Like Japanese out of World War Two propaganda. Do I really see Asians that way? Maybe just Viet Cong. That isn't what really happened to him by the way, but it's what my dad told me for years. He really died when the place where he was held was taken out by American helicopters. I guess this is still the picture I have in my head though. This view holds a long time. I'm frozen there looking at him. I don't get the sense he actually sees me.

Oh look! Did you see that it changed and now I'm watching him on TV? It was like a frame formed around him and became a TV and the rest of the jungle disappeared. There's Angela next to me kissing me on the cheek and…

well, you can see what's going on here. I've seen this before, but I never have full out sex in dreams something happens and…there it is..*poof*…another scene.

That looks like downtown Boston, but everything is a lot tighter, more claustrophobic. Look at the sun there, is that maybe five times its regular size?

The people up close to me are regular, but the ones farther away are as tall as the buildings. Hey, check it out! The buildings are swaying like tree tops in the wind!

They're dancing!

Aw crap, there it is. That door, the one with the carnation painted on it.

J. Gordon: Are you ok to keep watching?

H. Zimmerman:

I'll keep watching. I know what's coming though.

Weird. I don't see my hand open it. It just opens on its own and I'm just sucked in. There he is with his back to me and he turns. That face! It's a lot easier to take on the screen there, but still, the dead looking eyes, the wet red skin, the worms crawling in and out. It fills me with a sick feeling. It just cuts off. I woke up. I always do when I see the face. Man, people will tell you that something is "just in your head". Something that is in your head can still spook the piss out of you!

J. Gordon: Do you know whose face it is?
H. Zimmerman: No. Just some boogie man.

I'm just fine thanks!